

THE ANACONDA STANDARD

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THE BEST IN MONTANA.

THE STANDARD went to press for its first issue on the morning of September 4, 1898. Its new service is the best in the Northwest. It has patrons in every part of Montana. Its carrier-delivery service includes Anaconda, Butte, Missoula, Bozeman, Phillipsburg, Granite and other cities.

The main office of THE STANDARD, to which general business letters and correspondence should be addressed, is in the Standard Building, corner of Main and Third streets, Anaconda. The principal branch office is at No. 31 East Broadway, Butte.

The Largest Daily Circulation in Montana.

The Circulation of the STANDARD is more than double that of any other newspaper in Montana.

SUNDAY, MAY 21, 1903.

He is on the Stump.

The plan to bring the Kaiser and Bismarck together at the unveiling of the statue to Emperor William the First did not materialize—probably it never was seriously entertained. At the ceremony, the young emperor took occasion to get in a word political, his plea being that the times are serious and that on the settlement of the question which is the issue for the coming election depends "the very existence of the fatherland."

This will seem to most people to be a very ardent way of expressing it. To all outward appearance, the issue is whether the people want to approve the policy of the emperor in the matter of increasing the army by an addition of fifty or sixty thousand men. It seems hardly probable that it will either make or break the empire whether the proposition to increase the number of soldiers is voted up or voted down. Germany's position must be astonishingly unsound and her political life the merest mockery if the settlement of a question so insignificant as the pending one appears to be involved in fact the destiny of the empire.

If, however, the army question is to be regarded simply as an outward and visible sign of a sentiment that is moving the masses in Germany, the election is indeed significant. If the decision at the polls means that the people consent or refuse to let the emperor go ahead to have things his own way in all respects, as the man whose statue he unveiled had his own way thirty years ago, under Bismarck's primacy—if that is the significance of the election, then the situation certainly is grave; but even then it is improbable that the "very existence of the fatherland" is involved.

Assuming that the fatherland of today means the empire, it is true that the fatherland needs an emperor, but it will not permit its existence to be put in jeopardy by the emperor, if any headstrong notions of his were to threaten peril; the people would not permit him to wreck the empire. To a degree, the masses in Germany to-day cling to the old fondness for a fatherly kind of government. However, the experience of a quarter of a century has weakened that sentiment, and, contrary to the former conditions, the voting masses of to-day will probably dare to go to the polls and decree what the emperor may do and what he may not do.

That is to say, it is in the natural order of things that the emperor himself is not of as great account to the prosperity or the peril of the fatherland as his forerunners were. In this view of the case the emperor's remark about "the very existence of the fatherland" is a political platitude of not much greater merit than are many of the stump utterances which some of our own campaign orators put out in exciting political times.

The Ladies at it Again.

The ladies who are running the female department of the world's fair had their usual weekly spat yesterday. This time Helen M. Gougar was the cause of it all. Mrs. Gougar is the prohibition Amazon whose favorite stamping ground, we believe, is Nebraska, where every little while she and the editor of the Omaha Bee furnish delightful entertainment to an appreciative public by endeavoring to snatch one another bald-headed. Mrs. Gougar's grievance yesterday was that her name had been omitted from all the official programmes.

For a person so habituated to seeing her name in print as Mrs. Gougar, the sudden deprivation of her usual stimulant was not only an insult, it was the acutest form of cruelty capable of infiction. Mrs. Gougar's name is a rather hard formation, it suggests a sudden and violent excavation of eyes and things, and from one standpoint, we admit any programme would look better with it off than on. But we have no doubt that Mrs. Gougar by any other name would paw the earth and jump upon the demon Rum with the same alacrity, vigor and thrilling spectacular effect.

If the board of lady managers has any sense of fairness and courtesy left, it will at once seek to repair the injury and offer the lady amends by printing and distributing several thousand placards with the name of Helen M. Gougar in the biggest of type and the blackest of ink.

Detectives in the employ of the government have discovered facts in connection with a gang of green goods men whose base of operations has been at Bridgeport, Conn., which show that during the past ten years the profits of their business has been upwards of a million dollars. All told about fifty persons were connected with the trade in one way or another, and the managers of the concern as prudent and sagacious business men carefully kept

a full set of books, and these are now in the possession of the United States officers. Directories of about all the leading farmers in the country were found, besides a ton or two of circulars. Among the books was one in which was kept the pass word sent to every person who signified his intention of coming on and meeting some member of the gang in order to make a purchase. The number of pass words show that thousands and thousands of poor gullible farmers have been duped and robbed by the gang. It is almost inconceivable that in this age of newspapers and general intelligence so many farmers should be taken in by a scheme which has been exposed over and over again, until its repetition would seem to be perfectly needless and, in fact, exceedingly tiresome.

Reports about the financial success of the world's fair are conflicting. According to one account the expenses are \$45,000 a day and the receipts are less than half that amount. If this be true, there will be a frightful howl in Chicago one of these days.

The New Federation.

Nearly sixty men who are practical miners and who represent widely-separated districts in the Northwest, completed in Butte, last week, the organization of the Western Federation of Miners. The territory included in the jurisdiction of the federation covers nine states; and within these states the membership can easily be marked, when the organization is complete, at not less than 60,000.

It all depends on the manner in which the new organization is made and the spirit in which it is conducted. The strong argument in favor of federation is the one drawn from experience. Other crafts have found immeasurable benefit in broad federation; there is no reason why the miners should not be helped by it.

Take the printers, for instance. The International Typographical union, representing the United States and Canada, has more than 29,000 members. It has steadily prospered, it has been a helpful agency alike to printers and to publishers. In instances the printers have banded, just as in instances publishers have banded, but it can be said that, as the typographical union has grown stronger, its sense of what is right and just and honorable has been steadily quickened—the feeling of pride in the strength of the organization has developed a sentiment of conservatism, and one of the chief cares of all the chapters is to insure for the management and control of the union men who, in the presence of an emergency or in circumstances where deep feeling is aroused, will know how to be firm and dignified and fair. We do not think that the Typographical union is, by any means, all that it should be, either in that which relates to the printers themselves or to the publishers; but we believe it to be the testimony of experience that agitation and discussion among the members is bringing the union nearer to the point where fitness in the printer and fairness in the publisher are to become a reality.

Other orders might be referred to, but it seems to us that, for local reference, the example offered to the federation by the Butte Miners' union is one worth studying. In recent years, the policy, spirit and purpose of the Butte union certainly has been a benefit both to the miners and the mine owners. At all times the union has known how to take good care of its own, at the same time it has not forgotten to study prudence as well as justice in its dealings with others. It has pride in its strength and, as always happens among right-minded men, it has become impressed with the feeling that its own power must not make mistakes or be made the instrument of wrong or of ill-advised action. In a word, our view is that there is real strength and especial benefit in union or federation when the organization is so strong that no designing individual can mislead it or any passing agitation unduly sway it.

The STANDARD must differ with the opinion expressed in some of the resolutions adopted at the meeting held in Butte last week; the objects, however, which the federation has in view, as announced in the constitution, seem to us to merit unqualified commendation. These are recited in ten declarations which relate to the personal safety of men working in mines; to the enactment of laws respecting the merit of which we do not believe there can be reasonable dispute; to the adoption of methods which, while they guarantee the integrity of the federation, will expedite the settlement of differences by peaceful means; and to the promotion of those objects which contribute to the health, the personal happiness, the freedom from wrong restraints and the prosperity of all men who toil in the mines. It seems to us that the mission of the federation is admirably expressed in the compact paragraphs of the constitution.

We said that the STANDARD does not vote "aye" on all of the resolutions that found approval in the Butte meeting. To take up for discussion this morning the resolutions in question would send this article beyond reasonable limits. But there is, for instance, the resolution which favors government ownership of the railroads. In our opinion the weight of argument is with the negative on that question. The government runs the postal service, the railways are private corporations. In all this western country the railway service is incomparably ahead of the postal service—better in every essential respect. Besides, it is more progressive and far easier to deal with. We say this much not as arguing the question, but simply as an illustration drawn from the home experi-

ence of our readers. For daily use, the express service in this region is better than the government's postal service; Washington is not easily interested in our daily wants. Right here in Montana, the government undertook to handle so simple a business as the control of wagon transportation in Yellowstone park, and out of it came a nasty scandal that went to every corner of the country.

We admit, of course, that a man can make a good argument to show that it is possible for the government to furnish efficient and honest railway administration; but whatever else we citizens of the United States do, let us steadfastly oppose the tendency toward paternalism and officialism in our government. Our fathers started in to govern themselves. Their proposition was to make the government a simple machine with the least possible function. Let us show ourselves intelligent enough to conserve that theory—let the people run their own roads. We have the best railroads in the world, and our only big railway scandals are those in which the government figured. Some governments assume exclusive control of education, others attempt to run the people's churches. One or two great governments hold exclusive control of the tobacco trade, and the benefits resulting from competition are lost. Government management of business is the meanest monopoly in the world.

We think, too, that the federation formed last week made a mistake in going on record against a state militia. The resolution on this subject seems to us to rest on a misapprehension of the militia as organized in this country, its service, its record, its purpose and its mission. If in any instances the militia has gone wrong, that experience will serve to point out features of the service that may be amended or removed. But in view of the fact that our country maintains practically no standing army, the militia service is a good thing. It may be that the day will come when this country's own citizen soldiery will become a menace to the institutions of the land or to the safety and peace of its masses. We do not believe that such a day will come; if it does, then it may be written that the day for the final dissolution of the federal government is close at hand.

These things thus briefly touched this morning are theories. Respecting the merit in them men may differ. One thing, however, is certain: in all that relates to living issues—the mineral lands, the silver question, the Chinese problem—on these and other issues the resolutions set forth a series of patriotic declarations which will be praised at every crossroads in the nine states where the miners propose to extend the federation's work.

SHOTS AT THE PULPIT.

As the candidate of the prohibition party for president, the Rev. Sam Jones would draw immensely, and could command increased prices.—Chicago Tribune.

Sam Jones, it is said, would like to be the candidate of the prohibitionists for president next time. Sam should be nominated. He is about the right size.—Kansas City Journal.

We would respectfully direct the attention of Moody and Sankey to the unusually inviting field for evangelistic work among the unregenerate restaurant keepers at the fair.—Chicago Dispatch.

A man has appeared who would be willing to accept the prohibition nomination for president in 1896. He is not a lunatic—that is, not a very pronounced one—but is Rev. Sam Small.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Rev. Dr. Virgin of East One Hundred and Twenty-first street asks for police protection against Harlem goats. It appears that those animals are worse than any of the black sheep of theological folds.—New York Morning Journal.

Rev. Mr. Mingins is of opinion that if the present Duke of Varagius were plain Jim Columbus, without a title and without a penny, he would roam the world unnoticed. Probably that is true, and would be equally true had Christopher's surname been Mingins.—New York Sun.

Rev. Thomas Houston, pastor of the John Knox Presbyterian church, Jersey City, surprised his congregation by remarking "There are too many of those nasty red things called ponies put into the plate." The widow's mite was all right in its day, but Jersey City isn't Jerusalem.—Minneapolis Journal.

Dr. Talmage expresses the fear that the Brooklyn tabernacle, because of unliquidated debts, will yet degenerate into a concert hall or something else that will pay. If Brother Talmage did not earn something near \$50,000 a year he would be more sensitive about advertising his extreme poverty. Only the very successful can afford to admit that things are not coming their way.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

CHURCH AND CLERGY.

The pastor of the Central M. E. church, Detroit, is to have an assistant, Miss May Villa Patton of Muscatine, Ia., who has taken a course in the Boston University theological school.

Lane seminary trustees at Cincinnati express their feeling toward the general Presbyterian assembly by voting to continue Professor Smith another year and forcing the resignation of Professor Roberts, chosen on account of his anti-Smith sentiment.

The Rev. Dr. Greer, of St. Bartholomew's church in New York City, realized \$80,000 last Sunday as the result of an appeal to his congregation. This is in keeping with the record of a society which in four years and a half has paid out \$1,035,000 for charity and current expenses, entirely from voluntary contributions.

Mr. Sattoli has so far relaxed the rule of celibacy in the church as to officially recognize a New York priest who is married and has a large family. He is a Greek and has a congregation composed of Slavs and Hungarians. By the same order seven other Greek priests throughout the United States who are benedictines have been recognized.

A year and a half ago St. Paul's Episcopal church in New Orleans was destroyed by fire. The directors of the Jewish Temple Sinai at once tendered the use of

their edifice to their Episcopal brethren until their church was rebuilt. The offer was accepted and the synagogue was occupied by the Episcopalians till they resumed worship in a building of their own. The Rev. Dr. Charles Minnigerode of Alexandria, Va., and the Rev. Dr. O. E. Barton of Norfolk, Va., have accepted invitations to be present at the reinterment of the remains of Jefferson Davis in Richmond May 31. Both are Episcopalians, the former having been pastor of St. Paul's church in Richmond during the war. Mr. Davis was a member of his church, and was listening to a service April 3, 1865, when he was notified by General Lee that Richmond must be evacuated. Mr. Minnigerode was stationed at Norfolk during the imprisonment of Mr. Davis at Fortress Monroe and often ministered to his spiritual wants.

You Kissed Me.
You kissed me! My head
Drooped low on your breast
While a feeling of bliss
And infinite rest.
While the boy emotions
My tongue dared not speak
Flushed up in a flame
From my heart to my cheek.
Your arms held me fast—
Oh! your arms were so bold—
Heart beat against heart
In their passionate fold.
Your glances seemed drawing
My soul through my eyes
As the sun draws the mist
From the seas to the skies.
Your lips clung to mine
Till I prayed in my bliss
They might never unclasp
From the rapturous kiss.
—M. J. H., Jr.

BLASTS FROM RAM'S HORN.

Sin is its own detective.
The devil shuns a happy heart.
Perseverance often outruns genius.
A moderate drinker is worth a great deal more to the devil than an out-and-out drunkard.

When you pray for the Lord to bless other people, don't insist that it shall be done your way.

Did you ever know a Christian who didn't backslide as soon as he began to grow rich?

There are people in the church who stop believing the Bible whenever a famine comes in sight.
It is easier to walk the tight rope without falling than it is to criticize others without backsliding.

The man who does right only because he has to, would rather work for the devil at the same price.

Do not expect much from the man who is always talking about what great things he would do if he had somebody else's opportunities.

There are people who have to take all their gold to the devil's blacksmith shop, and have it made into chains with which to bind themselves.

With every increasing probability of a cholera visitation there will be an increase in the attendance at church.

If you are a sinner six days in the week and a saint on Sunday, your credit is going to be very poor with the recording angel.

You can't tell by the length of a man's life how much his soul will weigh in heaven. Methuselah lived 969 years, and yet nothing good is said of him.

Abraham wouldn't take so much as a glass of beer from the king of Sodom, and yet there are prominent members in nearly every church who would jump at the offer of a house and lot.

Many people will applaud the preacher who proves that there is a devil in the slums, who are ready to crucify him the moment he successfully shows that the same devil often covers his cloven hoof with patent leather.

Twilight.
Sing, sweet, it is the twilight hour—
Thy voice brings rest and peace.
And unto thee is given the power
To bid all discord cease.

Let day fade with its load of sorrows,
Now is enough for me;
I care not for the coming morrows,
For they may banish thee.

Oh, that this eye could last forever,
That this heart might be set free,
For with thee near my heart would never
The busy world regret.

Only count us as Love's Immortals,
Let each be one in soul;
Be Night hid in the western portals
And death could not soil.

Then twilight would be fraught with splendor,
Be hid in Faith's golden stream,
And each to each all love would render—
Sing, sweet, and let me dream.
—Harper's Weekly.

SUNDAY SMILES.

It is impossible to say which is the greater fool, the person who agrees with everybody or the individual who does not agree with anybody.—Galveston News.

Brown—Mrs. J. appears to be incensed against her laundryman. Jones—Yes; you see he ironed her skirt plain and ruffled her temper.—Binghamton Leader.

"Why, what's the matter with the boy?" "I was a seer! how many animals from my Noah's ark I could hold in my mouth, an' I've been an' swallowed a giraffe an' a sebra."—Life.

Elsie—What an unusually large number of weddings there have been this spring. Dorothy—Yes, and think what the divorce crop will be a few years hence.—New York Herald.

"This is not altogether the kind of a house I counted on," said a suburban resident, showing his new residence to a friend, "but the architect says it suits him."—Philadelphia Record.

Servant—Please, ma'am, there's a poor man at the door with wooden legs. Young Housewife—Why, Babette, what can we do with wooden legs? Tell him we don't want any.—Landolt.

Levinaki—Vas dot drue dot Chicago was really set on fire mit a cow? Stranger—Yes, sir; that's correct. Levinaki—Do you know were I could get a cow of dot breed? I could use such a cow in mine peaceness.—World's Fair Punch.

Storekeeper—You won't suit me if you're not married. Young man—Why do you prefer your clerks to be married? Storekeeper—Because I find the married ones are never in such a rush to close up at night and leave me as the single ones are.—Brooklyn Life.

Almost a Masterpiece.
He numbered all the pages of his paper fine and thin.
And his patent fountain pen he deftly filled;
He put his desk in order till 'twas neat as any pin.
And a blotter got for ink that might be spilled.
He sat there with his legs around each other closely twined.
Like a man whose fit of work had come to stay.
It was plain that he was ready to electricity mankind.
But he couldn't think of anything to say.
—Washington Star.



Mr. Herman Hicks
Of Rochester, N. Y.

Deaf for a Year

Caused by
Catarrh in the Head

Catarrh is a CONSTITUTIONAL disease, and requires a CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY like Hood's Sarsaparilla to cure it. Read:

"Three years ago, as a result of catarrh, I entirely lost my hearing and was deaf for more than a year. I tried various things to cure it, and had several physicians attempt it, but no improvement was apparent. I could distinguish no sound. I was intending putting myself under the care of a specialist when some one suggested that possibly Hood's Sarsaparilla would do me some good. I began taking it without the expectation of any lasting help. To my surprise and great joy I found when I had taken three bottles that my hearing was returning. I kept on till I had taken three more. It is now over a year and I can hear perfectly well. I am troubled but very little with the catarrh. I consider this a remarkable case, and cordially recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who have catarrh." HERMAN HICKS, 30 Carter Street, Rochester, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

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Electro-Vapor and Turkish Baths.

People troubled with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Nervousness and all kindred afflictions will find these baths unequalled. They cleanse the skin and open the pores, purify the blood by removing the impurities which accumulate in the fluids and tissues of the body, impart vigor to the system and strengthen the nerves. Special Attention Given to Ladies.

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FRANK BIRNEY, Stage Mgr.

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An All Star Constellation
Of Novelty Features Extraordinary
Of Marvelous Excellence.

A Host of Pretty Women.
Female Loveliness in Abundance.
Rich, Rare and Racy.

100—SUPERIOR ARTISTS—100

BUTTE, Mont., May 11, 1903.
The partnership existing between Fair & Bergstrom has been dissolved by mutual consent.

All outstanding accounts due the above firm will be payable to Fair, and all debts against the above firm will be paid by Fair.

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Drugs and Assayers' Supplies

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J. E. T. RYMAN, Vice-Pres't.

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